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AMERICAN TELEGRAPH. AMERICAN TELEGRAPH.

PROSPECTUS

AMERICAN TELEGRAPH, A Newspaper published daily and weekly at Wash-

ington City.

At no period since the formation of our Government has the service of an enlightened, impartial, and independent press at the seat of Government been more required than now. The near approach of the Presidential election, the influence which it must have on our future destiny, the combinations formed to govern the public choice and the issues which the political organizations will present, should be fully discussed and understood. In this discussion the sectional interest of the South should be fairly and ably repre-

Designing men have labored successfully to create the belief that all who do not approve the neasures called a Compromise are disunionists; and we think it is greatly to be regretted that the tone, temper, and substance of the discussions in the press and in Congress give countenance to that belief. Now, we do not concur with Mr. Foote or Mr. Rhett; on the centrary, whilst we know that there is a large and influential and increasing party in the North who desire to abolish slavery in the South, we believe that the necessary consequence of the conflict for power between the organized parties in the North will be to create a public sentiment in that section more favorable to the South, if the South will but be true to themselves, and unite in support of those who deserve their confidence and support.

The "Telegraph" will labor to unite and con solidate the South, as the only means of producing harmony and concert between the North and the South. We have our preferences, but as yet we have no choice among the Presidential candidates. We will support the nominee of the Baltimore Convention, if we believe him worthy of our support. We are identified with and will support the State Rights party of the South, and this is the position that we will urge that party to assume.

The "Telegraph" is now published daily at five dollars per annum, and we propose to issue a weekly at two dollars per annum, as soon as subscribers sufficient to justify its publication are obtained. We venture to ask the State Rights Associations, and the Republican party throughout the country, to aid us in obtaining subscribers, as it is our purpose to make the paper worthy of their support.

Letters should be addressed to THOMAS C. CONNOLLY, Publisher, Washington City

Angel Charlie.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON. He came—a beauteons vision—
Then vanished from my sight,
His cherub wing scarce cleaving
The blackness of my night;
My glad ear caught its rustle—
Then sweeping by he stole

Then sweeping by he stole The dew-drop that his coming Had cherished in my soul. O, he had been my solace When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,

His form was sure to glide, And in the lone night watches Twas ever by my side.

Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest Within its sheltering cup, So he his spirit gathered Back to its frightened breast, And passed from earth's grim threshold, To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy-ah! me, the sweetner. The anguish of that word-My boy, when in strange night dreams My slumbering soul is stirred, When music floats around me, When soft lips touch my brow, And whisper gentle greetings, O, tell me, is it thou?

I know by one sweet token
My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clue he left me,
And on his track he sped.
Were he some gem or blossor
But fashioned for 'o-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

O, by this deathless yearning h is not idly given, By the delicious nearness My spirit feels to heaven

By dreams that throng my night sleep, By visions of the day, By whispers when I'm erring, By promptings when I pray-I know this life so cherished

Which sprang beneath my heart, Which formed of my own being So beautiful a part—
This precious winsome creature,
My unfledged, voiceless dove,

Lifts now a scraph's pinion, And warbles lays of love. O. I would not recall thee,

My glorious angel boy—
Thou needest not my bosom,
Bare bird of life and joy;
Here dash I down the tear-drops Still gathering in my eyes, Blest, O, how blest! in aiding

Much is said by the press about the manner in which Barnum has been humbugged with the "Fire Annihilator." The press itself has been humbugged quite extensively into puffing it. edly, but graciously, sometimes stopping to ex-This is a weakness of the press generally. If it were to refuse at least all gratuitous trumpetblowing for the promotion of private interests, the public would not be so often duped.

GREAT KNITTING MACHINE.—The newspapers state that there is a knitting machine in operation in Philadelphia, which knits three hundred and eighty stitches at each turn of a small crank, which crank may be easily turned by hand from one hundred to one hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, making from forty to sixty thousand stitches per minute, or at the rate of about three

million per hour. FATAL FALL ON THE ICE .- Col. Abraham Williams, aged sixty-five years, formerly a leading nerchant of Newburyport, slipped and fell on the icy sidewalk in that city a few days since, and, striking on the back of his head, died in five

minutes

The trial of Willis vs. Forrest, for assault and battery, in New York, is set down for Mon-

S——, tumbles musically among the rocks, that seem to have been flung into its channel by some "old man of the mountains," till it finally cleaves the ledge, and bounding over a crescent precipice of solid granite, almost loses itself among the boulders and mossy islets beinterest has planted its foot firmly there, and the rude water-wheels of a utilitarian age whiz ment"—a village, if a tavern, store, and post-office, might be allowed their customary prerogative of constituting a village. But the few houses beside were scattered so widely about, and the place was so innocent of all parade or enterprise, that it scarcely seemed roused from

the simplicity of its primitive woods.

It was November—the month that opens most brilliantly on the New England hills, but, long ere departing, rends its robe of richness asunder, and scatters its myriad fragments to the northeastern winds. The hectic of the forest had already given place to the decay it too surely boded. Softly the Indian summer had whispered to the few, lingering, dying flowers the hope of a glad waking beneath a brighter sky, and flown to his prairie-nook in the sheltered "West."

It was the dismal afternoon of a stormy day; at their will. Damp, chill, and cheerless, the at their will. Damp, chill, and cheerless, the night was coming on, hard on the steps of noon-day. A ruder blast than usual dashed the honeysuckle vine against the small, square close combat beneath its foundations, when window of the dingy little post office on the hill-side, and startled the bald-headed postmaster from puzzling over the last month's register. He looked up, peered out and about, and then thrust his stump of a quill behind his right ear to muse.

"I hope she won't come to-day," he began, half to himself, half to his help-meet, who sat in the lightest corner of the office, turning a monotonous flax-wheel with her busy foot. "I hope she won't come through all this

driving storm for nothing."
"What's that?" Who?" asked his wife, but half comprehending.
"Who but Major K.'s Anne—she that has

come every living day to this counter, for two months, as reg'lar as the mail-bag. It's all the same to her, it seems, rain or shine; and I'm afraid it'll be all the same for many a day,

more's the pity!"

"Heaven help the poor, young thing," replied his wife;" "it's some trouble that's wearing upon her heart like, ye may be sure, John. Bless ye, she come driving through the storm

on his ear; and in a moment a bay pony, with its rider, dashed down past the little window, its drenched mane dripping to the grass.
"Too bad," the good man exclaimed, start-

ing from his high stool-"I'll meet her at the door, poor thing, that she needn't 'light in all this mud."

storm-drops ushered in Anne K. Was it she, with cheeks so pale and sunken from their summer beauty, with those large, unnaturally lustrous eyes, each of which, in that moment seemed in itself a whole world of souls! Truly, a strange spell had shaken her in its grasp!

She stood one instant upon the sill, clenching her gathered-up riding-dress more nervously in her gloveless hand, as if she would ask, by look her gloveless hand, as if she would ask, by look a long, dark passage, to the back door of the rather than by voice, the question that had shop. She lifted its latch carefully, and went cost her so much agony. The long filaments out into the gathering night. of her soaked plume swung forward as she bent her head, brushing her colorless forehead and cheek. She nerved herself tremulously to the

"Any letter for me to-day?"

The words were spoken with forced, husky calmness. The postmaster turned his head to one side, avoiding the glance that shot a pang of pity through his heart, and answered with involuntarily assumed indifference-

He had said it more than fifty times, with those great eyes looking into his, growing larger and wilder at each denial; and he did not like to say it again. His wife saw a quick spasm convulse the girl's lips and eye, as she addenly pressed her hand against her heart.

"Are ye ill, Miss K——?" she exclaimed, sing. "Sit ye down, do. Let me bring ye some at warming. It's sorry getting out this weather, specially for such a weakly body. I wonder yer folks didn't send. Come in, do."

Annie was herself again, at the last word of this harangue. "No," she replied, clearly, and, without an-

other word, turned to go.

When she first used to come in the later ummer days, the lame postmaster had been accustomed to limp to the door-step, and take the rein of her pony, while the old lady came out with a "cricket," as she called it, to assist her in mounting. Anne would smile abstractchange a few words with the kind man, or, suffering the good woman to insert a sprig of evergreen, or of tansy, over the ears of her pony. whom she characterized as "the darlingest grown-up colt that ever ye see!" Latterly she had refused the foot-stool, and spurned the offered head-gear, much to the dame's cha-grin; but she had suffered the post-man still to act the part of groom. To-night, however, she caught the wet rein in her own hands, and

sprang into the saddle unassisted. "Take care, Miss!" vociferated the old man from the doorway, where his few gray locks were whistling in the blast; for the pony startled by the suddenness of the shock, him self sprang back, and nearly cut the acquaint-ance of his mistress. She smiled a proud, bitter smile, and, dropping her wet plume over her forehead again, she drew up the bridle-reins quickly, and dashed on down the hill.

"I declare!" soliloquized the postmaster, gazing through the mist after her, other way from home. I do believe the gal's

"Man alive!" shouted his wife, above the

of the rain on the floor I just mopped. Come couch where the despairing girl sought her away, there."

Anne galloped down the hill, face to face that seem to have been flung into its channel by some "old man of the mountains," till it finally cleaves the ledge, and bounding over a crescent precipice of solid granite, almost loses itself among the boulders and mossy islets beneath. The banks below are two steep, solid the reins to the neck of her horse, and, clasping her solid hands pressed there are solid hands pressed they agree the solid hands pressed they agree the solid hands pressed they agree to neck of her horse, and, clasping her solid hands pressed they agree to neck of her horse, and, clasping her solid hands pressed they agree to neck of her horse, and, clasping her solid hands pressed they agree to neck of her horse. masses of ragged rock, over whose edges nod scrub oaks and whortleberry bushes. At this seared eye-balls, as though to bar out some day, you would be dazzled by the glare of high, red walls above them; for the manufacturing "Oblivion or death!" she groaned, veheseared eye-balls, as though to bar out some

and whirl in the very arms of the beautiful the despairing. Then she grew stronger, as it crescent cascade. But forty years ago, before seemed, for she threw back her tangled hair, Art had discovered the spot, Nature was there alone. To be sure, there was a little "settle-forehead to the pelting of the storm. She forehead to the pelting of the storm. She laughed a low, shuddering laugh, as the icy

drops trickled upon her fever-hot eyes.

Anne had placed a mortal on the shrine of her Maker—the creature on the throne of the Creator. Not content to give the unselfish, unutterable love of a woman's heart, she had poured on the altar of her idol that "sacred oil" of worship and adoration that is not with impunity withheld from Heaven. She had concentrated the universe into one point-and where was her universe now? Where was her

idol-shrine? "The store" of the country for miles around, with its much be-chalked sign of "fish, flannel, flour, dry goods, groceries," and a dozen other indispensabilities, stood just on the rocky bank, fronting the crescent fall, whose foamwreaths now dashed against its back wall. It was kept by an older brother of Anne. The cloud-caps, heavy with mist, hung gloomily on every hill-top, and the shifting winds, moaning and whooping through the valley gorges, drove battalions of watery spectres hither and thither denly checking him, she threw herself from

Anne stepped over the threshold. It was dusk within, unlighted for want of customers Anne's brother started forward from his desk. in surprise, at the sound of a step, and brushed against his sister before she was aware of his

"What are you about, Anne?" exclaimed What are you about, Athle ! Catanham is the catching her roughly by the arm; "Girl! been thrown wilfully off, and no joy or sorrow I believe you are beside yourself! Drenched and dripping—a sight to behold! and you who had borne it. Oh! if she had been patient were half dead before! What, in the name but a little longer! of the four elements, sent you out on such a night?"
"I came," answered Anne, confusedly, and

rather incoherently, "I came—the children wanted some gingerbread, and I"—

"Nonsense! exclaimed her brother, thoroughly provoked at her rashness and heedlessness. "This is all of a piece with your woman-caprices. Go home immediately, and tell mother that I will carry you to the Insane does not bolt you into your room, out of the Bless ye, she come driving through the storm to-day, and she so pale and ailing! Ye needn't keep a looking."

"Hosh, you! it's her own self," whispered the old man, deprecatingly, as a hoof-fall struck

How little we know where our harsh words on his control of the control of

healed in time-nor yet in eternity

Would he not speak one kind, brotherly word to that anguished sister? If he had either side, showering it with tears of pity. looked into her haggard, despairing face, is mud."

perhaps he would not have turned away so she loved, away from the common throng, as But before he could hobble half-way to the abruptly as he did after this tirade, and hidden in life, yet among her kindred. I went there door, it was thrown open, and a burst of cold himself again behind the high front of his count- at moon-rise once. The green mound of the ing-desk, assured by the patter of the pony's feet upon the pebbles, that he had taken the homeward road.

Home the faithful pony went, after waiting his time for his rider; but Anne did not go with him. She only shrunk back into the shade, until all was still again. Then she glided, like a guilty thing, noiselessly through

Wild warfare was beneath her! Billows of mist rolled and swayed hither and thither in the abyss, and where they parted for a moeffort—her heart told her that it was a last trembling rocks with mad turbulence.

There was no eye but the eye of Omnipres ence, to look upon the passion-blinded girl, and to that she looked not up. Where was her guardian angel, to whisper, "Wait, wait! pe patient?" It was the hour of darkness, and of fierce fiends, who fanned the storm in her soul, so faintly emblemed by the elemental raging without. That soul sent up its agonized cry for forgetfulness, for rest, for peace!
"Death is an eternal sleep," her mother had taught her. Alas! that a mother's words should ever come between the young heart and

An hour went by. Anne's brother buttoned his storm-proof overcoat around him, locked his store, and leading his horse from a near stable, took his way homeward. He was met at the door by his sister and mother, who faced the storm-blast with countenances of consternation.

"Anne! where is Anne, Charles?" exclaimed Mrs. K

"Anne! foolish girl! I sent her home an hour ago!"
"No! she is not here! Her pony came! Oh,

ny child! where is she?" Why did you let the girl go out this terrible day?" asked the alarmed brother. "I never knew it! Charles, go, be quick Oh, if her father was here!"

Charles K. seized a lantern, and rushed out. That night, over all the thunder of the storm, neighbors and friends, who went forth fearlessly to seek the lost one.

Morning came. The wind had sobbed its

strength away, and crouched, moaning in the depths of the wood, or sighed under the wizard pines. The clouds drifted slowly eastward. nuffling up the sun, but all was still. They had sought everywhere else; and at

last, with strange, fearfully-whispered misgivings, they searched among the rocks of the swollen river. Up from that foam-canopied bed they lifted her, with the long, loosened locks clinging about her pulseless heart, and the inky plume weeping upon her shut eyes. But they could not awaken her from that night's long sleep!
They carried her—yet it was not her they

carried-to the home on which her eyes were never to open. There, in the stately, subdued roaring of the gusts, "ye're catching yer death the burden. I have stood on a rock in the the wreck.

o' rheumatiz out there, let alone the beating in midst of that river, and looked down on the CHAPTER II.

There is a pleasant manufacturing village, not many miles from the old mansion that was Anne K.'s home. A miniature river, the merry S——, tumbles musically among the reals.

There is a pleasant manufacturing village, not many miles from the old mansion that was Anne K.'s home. A miniature river, the merry S——, tumbles musically among the reals.

water nymphs chased each other down the precipice, laughing musically as their white bes melted into the blue billows at my feet. Above, the sun lay cushioned on a dreaming cloud, floating in the blue of a June heaven. What contrasts has earth upon the self-same

The news of the suicide flew, as ill news always flies, through the little hamlet. Confusion and consternation seized every heart and household, and a thousand vague surmises, half brightened into realities, flitted from one to an-But oblivion never yet came at the cry of other. Only the old postmaster shook his head, after the first petrifying shock, with a mystify-ing air, and silently reseating himself on his high stool, leaned his head upon his wrinkled hand. Even his good, garrulous wife could gain no more from him.

"I think's likely," she said, after the group of gossippers had dispersed, "she's been going crazy this long while. It ain't in natur for a sensible body to ride so like wild-fire; and I've always thought mighty queer of her coming here so, day upon day! Oh! don't tell me she wasn't out of her head!"

The postmaster turned his head nervously at the sound of a horse's hoofs. It was only the post boy, who had come over early with the mail-bag. The good man sighed, turned out his packet of letters, and slowly unbound it. "I shall not have to say "No" to her again to-day, poor thing!" thought he.

"What's the matter, John ?" cried his wife. a minute after, as he dropped the bundle with J. M. Busher as police constable. a smothered cry, almost of horror. "Mercy on us, man! ye're as white as if ye'd seen a

ghost!"
"There!" he pointed to a letter below him, "look there!" "What is it? I don't see nothing-I've lost

my spec's." "It's her name!" answered the old man, taking up the letter tremulously. "You don't say so, John!" cried his wife, lifting both hands above her head.

"It's ship-marked, and journey-worn," he added, scrutinizing it as closely as the haze over his old eyes would allow. "It's had a long

way to come, and—too late! too late! he exclaimed solemly, laying it reverently by.

"Too late!" The burden of destiny had been thrown wilfully off, and no joy or sorrow of earth could sink into the cold heart of her whe had been in the late.

That travel-stained letter told its story only to the unsympathising hearts of the proud household, and not a lip ever opened to reveal it. It dropped into the great receptacle of family reserve, and was lost to the world's curiosity. It was as well: what mattered it to any heart but her's, that it could not warm into wild beating?

Her relatives rejected even the common kind tell mother that I will carry you to the Insane offices of country neighbors, seeming to scorn Retreat, to keep you out of your coffin, if she all communion in sorrow, until the day of the funeral.

It was a grand show-that funeral-so old ladies, who were young then, have told me. Heavy, aristocratical carriages from distant towns and cities, draped in black, wound along the narrow hill-roads. The country about are falling, when they drop bitterly from our turned out its entire population, old and young, lips! Ah! there are wounds that cannot be The coffin was borne slowly along, while young The coffin was borne slowly along, while young girls of her own age, dressed in white, with long shoulder-scarfs of black, held the pall on

She lies in a lovely spot on one of the hills small cemetery was girt about with groves, save on one side, where a small, crystal pond mirrored the twilight sky. Not a breeze shrill through the stirless air, blended now and then with the wail of the whippoorwill far beyond. Young fir trees, larches, and willows, kept guard over the costly monuments of the dead that had been honored in life. I turned from taller monument steeples, and mused long over the white but time-worn slab that bore this simple inscription:

"To the Memory of ANNE K, E. 17." Oh! passionate heart, "be patient" with the Providence that "worketh all things well!"

Intervention in European Affairs. In his farewell address, Washington thus speaks on this subject :

Europe has a set of primary interests which o us have none or a very remote relation. Hence, she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collision of her friendships or enemies.
"Our detached and distant situation invites

and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient govern-ment, the period is not far off when we may defy neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acqusitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel

"Why forego the advantage of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand on foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition. rivalship, interest, humor or caprice?

"It is our true policy to steer clear of permanant alliances with any portion of the foreign arose the swell of human voices, the shouts of world-as far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. hold the maxim no less applicable to public than acquired a considerable knowledge of Greek and to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them."

The loss of the ship British Queen, near Musdred and seventy-five in the steerage and sixtysix in the second cabin) were driven to the deck, so that they suffered dreadfully from exposure, and one of the number died in consequence. They were in a miserable condition when rescued and her husband, and all would rejoice to hear of agony of prided affection crushed, the stricken ship was abandoned, and is a total loss. The

CITY COUNCILS.

CORPORATION OF WASHINGTON.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

Monday, December 22, 1851. Present: Messrs. Dove, Magruder, Bayly, Wilson, Towers, Borrows, Sweeny, Maury, French, (President,) Wirt, Thornley, Gordon, Morgan,

Messrs. Dove, Towers, and Maury out of the

city on Monday last. Mr. Gospon moved that the Board reconsider the vote by which was rejected on Monday last the resolution from the Board of Common Coun-

nd Page.

cil in relation to Tiber creek. The resolution having been returned to the Board of Common Council, it was, on motion of

Mr. Gordon, Resolved. That the Board of Common Council be requested

Mr. BAYLY presented the petition of E. A. Marshall, in relation to the amount of license paid by the National Theatre; which was referred to the Committee on Claims.

Mr. BAYLY presented a petition from Wm. Durr for a special license; which was referred to the Committee on Police. Mr. BAYLY presented a petition from Arthur

Wise for the remission of a fine; which was referred to the Committee on Claims. On motion of Mr. WIRT, the Board resumed the consideration of the nomination of Dennis Callaghan as police officer of the Fifth Ward. The

nomination being under consideration, Mr. FRENCH (President) presented a petition, signed by between one and two hundred citizens of the Fifth Ward, in favor of the confirmation of the nomination. He also read a petition addressed to the Mayor, signed by about two hundred citizens of the said Ward, asking the appointment of

The nomination was then considered and con-

Mr. Bornows, on leave, introduced "An act making an appropriation for the repair of culverts in the Fifth Ward;" which was read three times and passed. Mr. Towers, from the Committee on Police,

reported a bill entitled "An act authorizing the Mayor to grant a license to the lessee of the National Theatre:" which was read three times and Mr. Morgan, on leave, introduced "An act

making an appropriation for gravelling 11th street, in the Seventh Ward;" which was read three times and passed. Mr. Wirt, from the Committee on Improvements, reported without amendment the bills from the Board of Common Council entitled "An act authorizing the taking up and relaying of the gutter on the south side of D street north, between 8th and 9th streets west," and "An act making an appropriation for a gravel footwalk in the First Ward;" and they were severally taken

up, read three times, and passed.

Mr. Wirt, from the same Committee, reported without amendment the bill from the Board of Common Council entitled "An act for completing the grading of L street north;" and it was then, on

motion, ordered to lie on the table. The bills from the Board of Common Council entitled "An act making an appropriation to repair the tobacco press in the public warehouse,'

a balance due for constructing a plank footway in the Fith Ward," were severally taken up, read three times, and passed. The bill from the Board of Common Council

"An act making an appropriation for defraving

entitled "An act authorizing the construction of flag footways" was taken up, read twice, and reterred to the Committee on Improvements. The resolution from the Board of Common Council "authorizing an application to Congress for aid in the support of the public schools of this

city" was taken up, read twice, and ordered to lie on the table. The "resolution in Telation to Tiber creek" been returned by the Board of Commo Council to this Board, as requested, the question was on the motion of Mr. WIRT to reconsider the vote by which the same was rejected on Monday last; which being taken, it was decided in the affirmative. The question then recurred on the dimpled it then, and the frogs' chant came third reading of the resolution, which was carried in the affirmative; and the resolution was then

> read the third time and adopted. The said bill from the Board of Common Council was taken up, read three times, and passed. Mr. FRENCH, on leave, submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on Police to inquire into the expediency of changing the time of taking out tavern licenses from November to January:

> which was read and adopted. Mr. Towers, on leave, submitted a resolution authorizing an adjournment of the two Boards this evening until Monday, the 5th of January next: which was read and adopted.

> And then the Board adjourned. The proceedings of the Common Council will appear to-morrow.

THE PRESS IN FRANCE.-The Philadelphia Ledger" remarks that Louis Napoleon is determined to carry out his plans with the high hand throughout, and he has put a complete gag upon the press, not only of Paris, but of foreign journals. A dozen of the journals of Paris have been suspended. Those that still appear dare not utter one word of unfavorable discussion as to the measures of government. Two English papers material injury from external annoyance when are forbidden to enter France-their correspondwe may take such an attitude as will cause the ents ordered to leave France immediately. All English papers are stopped at the post office, and only delivered to their address in case they contain no matter unpalatable to the powers that be This forced silence of the press, and gagging of public opinion, and pressure of the military arm apon France, at this particular juncture, will, it is to be apprehended, deprive the result of the President's appeal to universal suffrage of all moral weight. The correspondents of the Engfish journals manage, however, to give some of the most interesting details of the progress of events in France. It is through this source and special correspondents that all the news is re-

TAE WIFE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN .- Eleanor Ann Porden was born 1795. She early mani-1 fested great talents and a strong memory, and other languages. Her first poem, The Veils, was written when she was seventeen. Her next was the Arctic Expedition, which led to her marriage with Capt. Franklin. Her principal work is the epic Cœur de Lion, which appeared in 1825. Her poems display much elegance, spirit, and richkeget, on the coast of Massachusetts, has been alluded to. She was an emigrant ship, and an old vessel. Her emigrant passengers (one hundred to the attention of the coast of Massachusetts, has been ness of imagination. The foregoing incidents in the her life we find in a biographical dictionery. This lady has recently attracted the attention and excited the admiration of the civilized world by her energetic and persevering efforts to send where they were exposed for twenty-four hours relief to her adventurous husband in the frozen on one of the recent very cold days and nights, regions of the North, or to ascertain his fate and that of his companions. Such devoted affection deserves to be rewarded by the safe return of taken care of by the Nantucket authorities. The warmest hopes being gratified. So far, it is ship was abandoned, and is a total loss. The worthy of note, that the only trace of Captain band of parents, brothers, and sisters, received captain had been sick for ten days previous to Franklin has been discovered by American vessels.